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## THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY<sup>1</sup>

### Twenty-two Recent Additions

The Loeb Classical Library was discussed last in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* in 19.167-168, 175-176, 183-185 (April 12, 19, 26, 1926). It is time to call attention, even though only in the briefest way, to certain volumes of the Library issued since that article was published.

For convenience I shall consider the Greek volumes together, first, then deal in like manner with the Latin volumes.

(1) Aristotle, *The "Art" of Rhetoric*. By John Henry Freese, Formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge (1926). Pp. xlvii+492.

The Introduction (vii-xxviii) deals with the following topics:

The beginnings of rhetoric—the Homeric poems—Themistocles and Pericles—the influence of the Sophists—Sicily the birthplace of rhetoric as an art—the *Western* or *Silician school* (Corax—Tisias—Gorgias—Agathon—Polus—Lycymnius—Evenus—Alcidamas—Lycophron—Polycrates—Callippus—Pamphilus)—Thrasymachus—the *Eastern* or *Ionic school* (Protagoras—Prodicus—Hippias—Theodorus—Theodectes)—decay of rhetoric—Demetrius of Phalerum—treatment of rhetoric in Plato's *Gorgias* and *Phaedrus*—other rhetorical works by Aristotle—date of the *Rhetoric*—Aristotle and Demosthenes—Aristotle and Isocrates—the *Rhetorica ad Alexandrum*—text of the *Rhetoric*.

Next come a Bibliography (xxviii-xxx)<sup>2</sup>, and an Analysis, book by book, of the work (xxxi-xxlvii). This analysis, because it is detailed, will be useful. The author fails, however, to indicate the limits of the various sections into which he divides each book. On the proper way to make an analysis of a classical work see my Remarks in *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20.193.

The student of rhetoric will welcome the Select Glossary of <Greek> Technical and Other Terms (472-482). The author remarks that "As a rule, only the meanings of words in Aristotle's 'Rhetoric' are noticed, without reference to later rhetoricians". There are, finally, an Index of Names (483-486), and a General Index (487-492).

In this connection it may be noted that only three earlier English translations of the *Rhetoric* are listed in the Bibliography (xxx), those by J. A. Buckley

(Bohn's Classical Library, 1850), J. E. C. Welldon (1886), and R. C. Jebb, edited by J. E. Sandys (1909).

(2) Aristotle, *The Nicomachean Ethics*. By H. Rackham, Fellow and Lecturer of Christ College, Cambridge (1926). Pp. xxvi+650.

The Introduction (vii-xxvi) discusses the

Life of Aristotle (vii-ix), Aristotle's Works (x-xi), His Ethical Treatises (xi), The Nicomachean-Eudemean Books (xii), Classification of Sciences (xii-xiii), Ethics and Practical Science (xiii-xiv), Ethics A Department of Politiké (xiv-xv), The Nicomachean Ethics: Outline of Contents (xv-xxviii), Aristotle's Ethical Method (xxviii-xxii), Text (xxii-xxiii), MSS. (xxiii-xxv), Books of Reference (xxv-xxvi).

In the Analysis the limits of the subdivisions are not marked. On page xi Mr. Rackham remarks that "... In any case, no one questions that the *Nicomachean Ethics* is the authoritative statement of Aristotle's System". Of Books V-VII of the *Nicomachean Ethics*, to which reference is made in the manuscripts of the Eudemean Ethics, with the result that, to all appearance, the three books constitute parts of both treatises, Mr. Rackham writes all too briefly (xii: 24 lines). He says:

... The natural inference is that Aristotle left only one course of lectures on these portions of the subject. ... We have no option but to accept Books V-VII as Aristotle's considered doctrine on the topics of which they treat, except in so far as they are modified by other parts of the work.

For a different view of these books, by Mr. St. George Stock, see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20.193.

The Index <of Names and Subjects> covers pages 645-650.

As a specimen of Mr. Rackham's translation, I give his version of 1.2.

If therefore among the ends at which our actions aim there be one which we will for its own sake, while we will the others only for the sake of this, and if we do not choose everything for the sake of something else (which would obviously result in a process *ad infinitum*, so that all desire would be futile and vain), it is clear that this one ultimate End must be the Good, and indeed the Supreme Good. Will not then a knowledge of this Supreme Good be also of great practical importance for the conduct of life? Will it not better enable us to attain our proper object, like archers having a target to aim at? If this be so, we ought to make an attempt to comprehend at all events in outline what exactly this Supreme Good is, and of which of the sciences or faculties it is the object.

Now it would seem that this supreme End must be the object of the most authoritative of the sciences—some science which is pre-eminently a master-craft. But such is manifestly the science of Politics; for it is this that ordains which of the sciences are to exist in states, and what branches of knowledge the different classes of the citizens are to learn, and up to what point; and we observe that even the most highly esteemed of the faculties, such as strategy, domestic

<sup>1</sup>The volumes of the Loeb Classical Library may be obtained from Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. Bound in cloth they cost \$2.50. This price seems high, but, when we consider the size of the volumes (500 pages on the average), and the fact that, in each volume, the Latin text or the Greek text of an important work is given, together with an English translation of that text, we see that the volumes are cheap indeed beside the volumes of the series, *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*. The volumes of that series are small books, of less than 200 pages each, for the most part in English only; yet they cost now \$1.75 to \$2.00 each.

<sup>2</sup>In the Bibliography an American work might well have been included: C. S. Baldwin, *Ancient Rhetoric and Poetic, Interpreted from Representative Works* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1924). See *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 19.62-63).

economy, oratory, are subordinate to the political science. Inasmuch then as the rest of the sciences are employed by this one, and as it moreover lays down laws as to what people shall do and what things they shall refrain from doing, the end of this science must include the ends of all the others. Therefore, the Good of man must be the end of the science of Politics. For even though it be the case that the Good is the same for the individual and for the state, nevertheless, the good of the state is manifestly a greater and more perfect good, both to attain and to preserve. To secure the good of one person only is better than nothing; but to secure the good of a nation or a state is a nobler and more divine achievement.

(3) Aristotle, *The Poetics*, "Longinus" On the Sublime, by W. Hamilton Fyfe, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, Headmaster of Christ's Hospital, and Demetrius on Style, by W. Rhys Roberts, Emeritus Professor of Classics in the University of Leeds (1927). Pp. xx+501.

In his brief Introduction (ix-xx), Mr. Fyfe discusses the views of Art held by the Greeks, especially by Plato (x-xiii), Aristotle (xiii-xvi), Dionysius of Halicarnassus (xvi-xvii), and "Longinus" (xvii-xx). Of "Longinus" he writes enthusiastically (xix-xx).

I give here, for purposes of comparison, versions by various hands of a paragraph in the opening chapter of the *Poetics*. First comes Mr. Fyfe's rendering:

Epic poetry, then, and the poetry of tragic drama, and, moreover, comedy and dithyrambic poetry, and most flute-playing and harp-playing, these, speaking generally, may all be said to be "representations of life". But they differ one from another in three ways: either in using means generically different or in representing different objects or in representing objects not in the same way but in a different manner. For just as by the use both of colour and form people represent many objects, making likenesses of them—some having a knowledge of art and some working empirically—and just as others use the human voice; so is it also in the arts which we have mentioned, they all make their representations in rhythm and language and tune, using these means either separately or in combination. For tune and rhythm alone are employed in flute-playing and harp-playing and in any other arts which have a similar function, as, for example, pipe-playing. Rhythm alone without tune is employed by dancers in their representations, for by means of rhythmical gestures they represent both character and experiences and actions.

Next I give the rendering by Professor S. H. Butcher, in his work, *The Poetics of Aristotle*, Translated with a Critical Text (London and New York, Macmillan and Co., 1895):

Epic poetry and Tragedy, Comedy also and Dithyrambic poetry, and the greater part of the music of the flute and of the lyre, are all in their general conception modes of imitation. They differ, however, from one another in three respects,—the means, the objects, the manner of imitation being in each case distinct.

For as there are persons who, by conscious art or mere habit, imitate and represent various objects through the medium of colour and form, or again by the voice; so in the arts above mentioned, taken as a whole, the imitation is produced by rhythm, language, and 'harmony', either singly or combined.

Thus in the music of the flute and the lyre 'harmony' and rhythm alone are employed; also in other arts, such as that of the pipe, which are essentially similar to these. In dancing, rhythm alone is used without

'harmony'; for even dancing imitates character, emotion, and action, by rhythmical movement.

Next I give the version by Ingram Bywater, in his *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*, A Revised Text, With Critical Introduction, Translation and Commentary (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press, 1909):

Epic poetry and Tragedy, as also Comedy, Dithyrambic poetry, and most flute-playing and lyre-playing, are all, viewed as a whole, modes of imitation. But at the same time they differ from one another in three ways, either by a difference of kind in their means, or by differences in the objects, or in the manner of their imitations.

I. Just as form and colour are used as means by some, who (whether by art or constant practice) imitate and portray many things by their aid, and the voice is used by others; so also in the above-mentioned group of arts, the means with them as a whole are rhythm, language, and harmony—used, however, either singly or in certain combinations. A combination of rhythm and harmony alone is the means in flute-playing and lyre-playing, and any other arts there may be of the same description, e. g. imitative piping. Rhythm alone, without harmony, is the means in the dancer's imitations; for even he, by the rhythms of his attitudes, may represent men's characters, as well as what they do and suffer. There is further an art which imitates by language alone, without harmony, in prose or in verse, and if in verse, either in some one or in a plurality of metres. This form of imitation is to this day without a name.

Since Mr. Fyfe gives no bibliographical information, one cannot tell whether he was acquainted with an interesting book, by Professor Lane Cooper, of Cornell University, entitled *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*, An Amplified Version With Supplementary Illustrations for Students of English (Boston, Ginn and Company, 1913; see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 7.40).

Professor Roberts's part of the volume contains an Introduction (257-293). In this there is a treatment of various discussions of style by the ancients—the Peripatetics, Aristotle (257-261); Theophrastus (261-262), Cornificius (Auctor ad Herennium) (262-263), Cicero (263-265), Quintilian (266). This discussion Professor Roberts uses to support a "Graeco-Roman date of Demetrius" (268); see pages 268-281. The view about Demetrius to which he inclines is summed up thus (271):

The suggestion is that the writer on *Style*, whose work (as we have seen) seems on internal grounds to come later than Dionysius (30 B.C.) and earlier than Hermogenes (A.D. 170), belongs to the days of Plutarch towards the end of the first century A.D.; that he is no other than the learned and far-travelled scholar Demetrius of Tarsus, who at Delphi takes part in Plutarch's dialogue *On the Cessation of the Oracles*, being at that time on his way home from Britain to Tarsus; and, further, that C. W. King and H. Dessau are right in their view that this Demetrius, the friend of Plutarch, is identical with the Demetrius who, when residing in Britain, dedicated the two bronze tablets, bearing pious Greek inscriptions, which are now preserved in the Museum at York. . . .

In his Introduction Professor Roberts discusses also the Text (288), gives a Bibliography (288-289), and a Tabular Analysis (290-293), in which the limits of the divisions are indicated. Appropriate Indexes close the volume: Index <Nominum et Rerum> to Aristotle's



Poetics (489-491); Index <Nominum et Rerum> to "Longinus" (492-493); Index to Demetrius: I. Index of Names and Matters (494-499); II. Index of Authors and Passages Quoted in the *De Elocutione* (500-501).

(To be continued)

CHARLES KNAPP

### VERGIL AND SOME PROBLEMS OF THE PRESENT<sup>1</sup>

The message which all lovers of the Classics are privileged to bear to others has to do with an invisible world—with the thoughts, the feelings, the ideas, of master spirits of long ago—, a world that is in danger of being lost to us in the whirl of a pleasure-loving materialism, the chief aim of which is the gratification of the demands of the flesh. Still far, far away is, it would seem, the time which Emerson, seventy-five years ago, hoped, with a saving "perhaps", was then near at hand, the time

... when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look up from under its iron eyelids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertion of mechanical skill.

Thoughtful men are now wondering, indeed, whether, as one of them has lately expressed it,

... We can survive the tornado, the frenzy of our prosperity, whether we shall be rescued by some timely difficulties that create a wholesome moral pressure, or lose all the strong, manly qualities that blessed our origins, and go under, as so many nations have done, through the influence of pride, luxury, and comfort.

The same question was in the minds of thoughtful Romans two thousand years ago in the midst of a civilization in which was at work the same insidious influence of "pride, luxury, and comfort". You who have read Horace will recall how in the noble opening Odes (1-6) of Book 3 he lifts up his voice against it and begs his people again to hold in honor all the strong, manly qualities that had blessed their origins, and along with them the gentler gifts of intellectual and spiritual inspiration which are just as necessary for the highest individual development and most helpful citizenship. To bestow these gifts upon the young is no less the task of education than to train the hands for the work of the world. Nay, rather it is, in a democracy such as ours, the far more important task, and the performance of it rests largely in our hands.

It is just here, however, I am afraid, that we teachers of the Classics, more specifically we teachers of Latin, are proving false to a very high duty, and, in common with the teachers of other literatures, are selling for a mess of pottage, labelled 'practical values', a birth-right by virtue of which we can contribute to our education those intellectual and spiritual elements of which, all are agreed, it stands in sore need. We read with boys and girls at their most impressionable age two authors, Cicero and Vergil, whose works are immortal not only because of their beauty of thought

and expression, but because they possess these very intellectual and spiritual elements of which I have spoken. Their thought was challenged by the great problems of man and his place in the scheme of things—problems which are perplexing this present day with the need for some sort of solution even more pressing, owing to the complexity of modern civilization, than of old. Just as in our thought looms large the question, raised by the apparent breakdown of democracy not only in Europe but even here at home, What is after all the best form of a State?, so the question loomed large in the thought of Cicero as he stood amid the falling ruins of the ideal of his imagining. His answer, that the State should be the harmonious union of diverse elements, fused into one body by their attachment to great and good leaders who intellectually and morally are above the common herd, may not be the right answer or the practical answer, but it is no mean answer, and we might profit by taking it into consideration. So, as we vainly grope in our efforts to solve the riddle of the individual, of his nature and his relation to the whole, whether he is a mere machine or something more, we might well pay heed to Cicero's idea that in each one of us there is a part of the divine, "a spark that disturbs the clod", as Browning put it, that which Cicero calls the *lex dei*, a law, he says in one place (*De Re Publica* 2.33),

'from which we cannot be freed by vote of Senate or of people, which needs no lawyer to explain it or any other interpreter, which will not be one law in Athens and another in Rome, one law now and another in the future, but a law that will embrace all people for all time, one law eternal and unchanging, the common teacher and commander of us all, the God in us'.

This is our moral nature. One result of it was to Cicero the impulse of each individual to achieve his true self in the harmonious mixture of the qualities peculiar to him, that is, in his own personality. As a corollary to this we have Cicero's insistence upon the freedom of the individual, upon his right of free choice, and, along with it, indissolubly bound up with it, his personal responsibility<sup>2</sup>. Here, again, Cicero may be wrong, and his opponent who sees in man naught but clod may be right, but how are we to know which is right, which is wrong? Surely in these days, when we are trying to do by compulsion from without that which cannot be done except by a force within, the ideas of Cicero are at least loftier than our own and might serve as a thread to guide us out of the maze in which we are now lost.

These are problems too deep, you will say, for the youthful mind, but our youth is, I assure you, thinking of them even if in a youthful way, and must in time try to solve them. If, therefore, our youth is to have the right of free choice, it is our duty to put before it a solution which it can hardly get from any other source, a solution which will uplift even if it will not satisfy.

All this the reading of Cicero can do. So can the reading of Vergil, and in far larger measure, for his is a voice that from the very first has stirred men's souls

<sup>1</sup>This paper was presented at a meeting of The New York Classical Club, November 13, 1926.

<sup>2</sup>For an interesting summary of Cicero's ideas on these matters compare *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20 (1927), 77.

and rung out a challenge to their spirits. The position which he has occupied in the hearts and minds of men is, indeed, unique; no one before him ever held such a position and no one ever will again. To his fellow Romans he brought something new. Besides, he summed up for them all that was great and glorious in Rome's past, and he expressed all the pure and lofty hopes and ideals which were implicit in that past, expressed them, too, in a worthy form. So dear did he become to the hearts of all men, so certainly did they find in him the herald of their own aspirations that he, a pagan poet of pagan Rome, became to the Christian the prophet of the Christian's Christ, chanting in his *Pollio* the birth of an age of peace on earth, good will toward men, while his *Aeneid* became the allegory of the journey of man's soul through this world of sin and strife. Hence it has happened that no other poet has been so widely known and loved, no other poet's words have inspired others more, or have been more widely quoted. As has been well said<sup>3</sup>,

... <a> mass of emotion ... has slowly gathered round certain lines of Virgil's as it has round certain texts of the Bible, till they come to us charged with more than an individual passion and with a meaning wider than their own—with the cry of the despair of all generations, with the yearning of all loves unappeased, with the anguish of all partings, "beneath the pressure of separate eternities". . . .

Vergil's poetry possesses, in a word, the quality of universality and is characterized by what Matthew Arnold made the essential of poetic greatness, "the noble and profound application of ideas to life".

In order to appreciate these ideas which, as all men are agreed, are so nobly and so profoundly expressed in the poetry of Vergil, and to see how they may be applied to our problems of the present, it is necessary to take into account, as briefly as may be, certain external factors which had a very great effect both upon the development of the poet's genius and upon his views of life and its meaning.

We must bear in mind then, first of all, that this "Roman Vergil" was not in reality a Roman, in the strictest sense of the word, at all, although he was, no doubt, of Latin stock. He was born in a region where many races, Celtic, Etruscan, Latin, had met and mingled. He was, therefore, by the accidents of his birth a citizen of a larger Rome, and his poetry is written, in the first place, from the point of view of an Italian, of the lover of Italy, which he extols as 'the glorious mother of men' (*Georgics* 2.174), and, in the second place, with the realization of the oneness of humanity, of its problems, its needs, its struggles, its defeats, and its victories. This is the chief reason, perhaps, why his poetry has had some message for every man in every age, since, whatever his immediate subject may be, Vergil has connected it with the profoundest problems which mankind in general has had to face.

<sup>3</sup>By F. W. H. Myers, on page 118 of his essay, *Virgil*, which appeared originally in a volume entitled *Essays Classical* (London, The Macmillan Company, 1883). The essay was reprinted in a volume entitled *Essays Classical and Modern* (London and New York, The Macmillan Company, 1912). For the latter volume see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 17:53-54.

We must remember also that Vergil was a country boy and that the most impressionable years of his life were spent in close contact with nature, the various manifestations of which awakened in him, through all his days, a responsive chord. He came to know and to love her, and he shares with her that mood of sadness which is characteristic of his tenderest lines. His father was an industrious bourgeois who had made money and had used it wisely, and had had sense enough to realize that in his awkward, dreamy boy was stuff that needed careful nurturing. He gave his son, therefore, the best education the times afforded, sending him first to Cremona, the metropolis of Northern Italy, and then to the Capital itself, where the young man sat at the feet of noted lecturers on rhetoric, literature, and philosophy, and was filled with that love of knowledge and beauty which were the distinguishing marks of his life.

Finally, we must not forget that the part of Italy in which Vergil lived as a boy had enjoyed for several decades the blessings of a happy and prosperous peace. Those who dwelt there were for the most part citizens of Rome, but they were too far from the Capital to be much disturbed by the struggles which were beginning to shake the old Republic to its foundations. In the year 58 B. C., when Vergil was twelve years old, the governorship of the province in which Mantua, the native district of the poet, lay had fallen to Julius Caesar, and we may be sure that from this period dates the poet's respect for that able administrator and his sympathy for the ideal that Caesar, whatever his personal aims may have been, certainly represented, order and authority.

It was not until the murder of Caesar in the year 44 B. C. that Northern Italy became the scene of cruelty and bloodshed. The curse of civil war fell upon all the land; its effect reached even the quiet district of the Mantuans. Rough soldiers, veterans of Philippi, to whom Octavian, the new master of the State, had allotted lands around Cremona, were not content with what had been assigned to them, and squatted upon the neighboring territory of the Mantuans. Although the property of Vergil's parents seems to have been unmolested for awhile, his neighbors were robbed of theirs and were driven forth into exile. The poem which Vergil himself put at the beginning of his collected works, although it is an offering of thanks and praise to the young heir of Caesar, is at the same time a ringing protest against the injustice to which his neighbors had been subjected, and it is evidence, also, that the poet had now learned the first sad lesson of life, that tears and suffering are very real. This poem is a pastoral in which the characters are shepherds, but behind them we see the living actors in this tragedy of civil strife, the poet's fellow-countrymen. One of them, Tityrus, he calls him, may, thanks to the powers that be, lie through the summer's day beneath the spreading beech, and sing his *Amaryllis*, but *Meliboeus*, the other, has been dispossessed and has been made an exile from his native home, a wanderer, driving his herd of goats before him. Let me try to translate his words

as he compares his lot to that of his more fortunate neighbor (Eclogues 1.46-72)<sup>4</sup>:

Ah, happy shepherd, so thine acres will  
Remain thine own and all thy needs fulfil.  
Although bare rocks o'ercover all the mead  
And swamps o'erspread with many a muddy reed,  
No pasturage strange thy pregnant ewes will harm,  
No malady from a neighbor's farm.  
Ah, happy shepherd, here by this dear stream  
You know so well and sacred springs where beam  
Of summer's sun is tempered by the breeze,  
You'll court the shade, while, yonder, Hybla's bees,  
Buzzing mid flowers of the willow rows,  
Will lull you into sweet and soft repose;  
And 'neath yon lofty cliff the pruner's song  
Will rise upon the breeze, nor yet among  
The stately elms will thy dear doves abate  
Their rough-voiced wooing of a feathered mate. . . .  
But we shall wander hence to other lands,  
A part to Scythia or Afric's burning sands,  
To Orient's shores, or Britain sundered wide  
From all the world. Oh, acres dear, my pride,  
And humble cot and straw-thatched roof, shall I,  
In distant years returning, wonder why  
Thy harvest ears are few? My deep-tilled field,  
Will it to ruffian soldiers tribute yield,  
My grain be prize to some barbarian?  
Such woe is wrought by civil strife on man.

Have the sufferings and the hardships of the oppressed ever been more truly, more movingly, more sympathetically expressed? Soon, too, Vergil's own property fell into the hands of marauding soldiers, and he was forced to flee with his old father, if we may believe the well-known story, to the modest home of his friend and teacher Siro, an Epicurean philosopher.

It is very doubtful whether we can overestimate the effect of this sad episode on the poet's character. The horrors of war, the bloodshed, pillage, injustice, above all the supreme suffering of the innocent, of mothers and children, made an indelible impression upon his sensitive soul. Henceforth he was, when war was concerned, always, as one critic<sup>5</sup> puts it, upon the side of the mothers who curse war, who, in his own vivid phrase, at the mere threat of war 'caught up their children to their breasts' (Aeneid 7. 518).

Perhaps, indeed, it was this experience with war which filled the poet with that longing for peace to which he gives expression in another pastoral poem written not long afterward, the poem to which I have already referred as the *Pollio*, so called because it was written in honor of Asinius Pollio, to whom it was sent on the occasion of his entry into the consulship. In this poem, the fourth Eclogue, in language strikingly similar to that used by the Hebrew prophets in their foretelling of their Messiah and his reign of peace, Vergil glories in the new age that is in process of becoming and in the new race that is to be sent down from heaven, a little child of which is to bring peace to an earth that will be cleansed of all traces of its former sin (4-52).

<sup>4</sup>This verse translation and the others given below are published with great diffidence, and with full realization of their inadequacy. They are due to the writer's conviction that a teacher must be an interpreter, and must try to set before his students, in as poetic a form as he can command, what, he feels, is the poet's message.

<sup>5</sup>R. Y. Tyrrell, *Latin Poetry*, 132 (Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1895).

If this one period of storm and stress in the poet's life helped to make him a lover of peace, helped to fashion in him that ideal which in Aeneid 6 he makes Anchises declare (852) to be the glory of Rome, 'the crowning of peace with law', it also, no doubt, helped to give him that boundless sympathy for the sufferings of others which finds expression throughout his works.

But why should such suffering be? Evidently Vergil asked himself this question—age-old, and yet unanswered still—very early in life. Even at this time he seems to have been willing to accept the answer, which surely in later life he did accept, that had been given by the loftiest poet of Greece, the tragic poet Aeschylus, that it is through suffering that we learn wisdom (Agamemnon 176, 250). We are prone in these days to call this no truth. Various theories preached both within School and without incline us rather to accept the more comfortable doctrine that wisdom can come from the satisfaction of selfinterest, and that play and irresponsibility can be the chief factors in the formation of character. We would laugh now at Browning's "Poor vaunt of life indeed, Were man but formed to feed On joy, to solely seek and find and feast", but Vergil would have agreed with Browning. Hence it was that when, after the publication of the Eclogues, in 39 B.C., he undertook at the request of his great patron Maecenas, the prime minister of Octavian, 'to touch with the Muses's charm' the divine country he loved with such deep and abiding feeling, he lays no little emphasis upon the duty of hard labor which is the farmer's lot, upon the necessity of vicissitude. To him that lot, that duty is the voice of nature herself, a gift of God bestowed upon man for man's own good. This thought leads him in the first book of the Georgics to find a possible compromise between two theories concerning the origin and the development of man, the two theories, you will notice, which are to-day dividing many of our people into two bitter and hostile groups. According to one, that of the Stoics, man, having in him sparks of the divine, has fallen from an original state of purity and peace. This we may call the theory of degeneration. According to the other view, that of the Epicureans, man, a being formed as all other things are formed, solely of material atoms, has ascended by his own efforts from the level of the beasts. This is the theory of evolution. Vergil, with the poet's readiness to plunge in where philosophers fear to tread, accepts the Stoic doctrine of the divine nature of man, 'of man as a part and parcel of God', but maintains that man's present state is not a curse, as the Stoics held, but a blessing in disguise, a part of the divine design. 'God himself has willed it', he tells us (Georgics 1.121), 'that man's way be not easy, and by suffering he has sharpened the thought of man'. Only, therefore, by his own struggle and hardship can man win the victory over nature, can he gain strength and knowledge and wisdom, and overcome the inevitable fate of all things to sink to a lower level and to decay: *in peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri* (Georgics 1.204). Vergil would agree with Emerson that knowledge comes "by working



hands", and that by "doing does man unfold himself", but, he would add, by suffering also. Both, in his view, are necessary for the development of the highest manhood.

Such, then, in part at least, was the explanation which Vergil found for the universality of suffering, for he realized, as we too must realize, no matter how unwillingly, that "The troubles of our proud and angry dust Are from eternity and shall not fail". The recognition of this truth fills every page of Vergil's poetry with a brooding sadness "at the doubtful doom of human kind", and, even though he might find a justification for sorrow in the value which it has in the formation of character and in the teaching of wisdom, the question must often have arisen in his mind, as it does in ours, is this sufficient justification, and is there no other way? This is the question which he puts most poignantly, perhaps, in another passage of the *Georgics* (3.515-530) in which he describes a plague which is bringing death upon the cattle and disaster upon their owners. Thucydides and Vergil's fellow-countryman, the poet Lucretius, had described such a plague, but neither of them made of it, as Vergil does, the text for a deep philosophic truth. I translate Vergil's verses:

And lo, sweating beneath the heavy plough,  
The ox falls and from his foam-flecked lips is now  
A gush of blood sent by his death agony.  
In sorrow thence the ploughman turns to free  
Its yoke-mate, by a brother's death dismayed,  
And in the sod leaves the deep-driven blade.  
No shadows of high glades, no mead's soft green  
Its spirit now can move, nor streamlet's sheen,  
As down the rocks it hastes to meet the plain,  
Clearer than amber. 'Neath the rack of pain  
Its great sides sink; death veils the seeing eye,  
And toward the earth its head drops heavily.  
What recompense to them th' unselfish toil  
For man, the turning of the heavy soil?  
And yet, 't was not the wine-god's gifts nor charm  
Of viands rare that ever wrought them harm.  
On leaves and simple herbs they feed, their glass  
Clear springs and brooklets singing through the grass;  
Nor have they worrying thoughts to drive away  
Their peaceful slumbers resting them for day.

From such a passage as this, as well as from the story of the bees to which Vergil devotes the fourth book of the *Georgics*, and from the pathetic tale with which that book concludes, the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, Eurydice who was a second time borne down to the dusky home of Death, because her husband, out of his great love and longing for her, had failed to observe the conditions of her release, it is evident that the poet through all these years was pondering deeply the great problems of life—the meaning of hardship and sorrow, of duty, of man's place in the scheme of things, and of his relation to God.

When, therefore, he began his *Aeneid*, he from the very first meant it to be, I am convinced, not only the story of a hero and the drama of his own mighty people, but the expression of his profound thoughts upon these problems of life and his attempt at their solution. The two characters in the poem which move us most, Aeneas and Dido, have gone through the same

physical and spiritual experiences, passed through the same fires of suffering and adversity. Each had loved and lost the companion who was the center of his (her) love; each had seen his (her) home destroyed; each had been compelled by the cruelty of others to leave his (her) native land, and as stricken exile to wander forth to seek a new home in strange lands; upon each has been laid a sacred duty, to be the leader of a people in its wanderings and to be its guide to a haven of plenty and peace. In neither case, you will observe, was this mission the result of individual choice. Each would fain have taken the easier way and have died, as others of their loved ones had died, but it was a duty divinely put upon each, put upon Aeneas by the dead Hector, the bravest and noblest Trojan of them all, and by his beloved wife Creusa, whose spirit appears to him sent by God, put upon Dido by her husband Sychaeus, whom she loved, you will remember, with a mighty love, when he appears before her in a dream, 'pale in wondrous wise'. It was a duty, therefore, which each owed not primarily to self, but to others, and which each was to perform not for his (her) own advancement, but for the safety and the glory of his (her) people.

When the story opens, Dido had all but fulfilled her mission. She had led her Tyrians across the sea, had found for them a refuge, and was building them a city. What the sad experiences of her life had taught her we learn from her own lips, in a line which sums up, I feel, the poet's conception of the meaning of hardship and suffering. When the Trojans, who had been cast by the storm upon her shores, their ships wrecked, their leaders taken from them, their hopes of finding Italy again overthrown, appear before her to ask her hospitality and protection, this is her answer as she extends to them a generous welcome (1.630): 'Well do I know sorrow and it teaches me to succour those in distress': *haud ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. Her suffering, then, had taught her sympathy; it was this sympathy, born from her own sad lot, that had led her to paint upon the walls of her new temple the scenes of Troy's overthrow, the dire disaster of these very wanderers who had so strangely been brought beneath her care. It is the first thing which the Trojan leader sees as he approaches the new city after that sorrow's crown of sorrow, the dashing of his hopes of finding Italy, the loss of his ships and his beloved comrades. He has suffered one blow after another—loss of home, of wife, of father, fruitless wandering—, and the elements and men have proved unkind. His heart is heavy, his burden seems heavier than he can bear, but, as he looks upon that picture and realizes that some one heart, at least, has been moved to sympathy by the woes of his people, he finds comfort because he is assured of a truth that his own sad lot had caused him to forget, that there are, after all, tears for suffering and that human sorrows do touch the human soul (1.462): *Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt*. There is no line in all literature, I suppose, which has moved men more than this simple line, but critics are by no means in harmony as to its



interpretation. The key to the meaning, as I understand it, lies in the position of *Sunt*. Standing first in its clause, it emphasizes the actuality in contrast to the doubt which had hitherto been in Aeneas's mind. He had found no sympathy. Even his divine mother, you will remember, showed herself to him but to turn away—*crudelis. . . quoque!*—and he has doubted that sympathy exists, but here he learns that there *is* sympathy. The translation by Frederick Myers, in his essay on Virgil (120: see note 3 above) gives the true interpretation and at the same time preserves the haunting beauty of the passage:

What realm of earth, he answered, doth not know,  
O friend, our sad pre-eminence of woe?  
Tears waken tears, and honour honour brings,  
And mortal hearts are moved by mortal things.

The problem of the universality of sorrow is not, however, to be solved thus simply, for sorrow often continues to fall upon those who have already won from it capacity for sympathy and love, sacrifice of self and glory of character. It had come upon the patient ox, you will remember—of what avail to it its toil and service in behalf of man?—and it had come upon Dido. All of us know many who toil and suffer even though there seems to be no reason for their pain, many who, although righteous and just, loving God and man, are buffeted by the winds of adversity. On the other hand all of us know many who are strangers to the meaning of sympathy and love and self-sacrifice and yet on whom no suffering, no hardship, ever seems to fall, who live in riches, contentment, and peace. We may not follow the example of a Greek of old, Diagoras of Melos<sup>6</sup>, and become atheists as we reflect upon the prosperity of the wicked and the calamities that befall the righteous, but we certainly are perplexed by the riddle. The youth of to-day are perplexed and are wondering how such things can be. So Vergil wondered. There is hardly an episode, indeed, in the whole Aeneid that does not end in that question-mark. Why should Rhipeus, the justest man among the Trojans and the most observant of right (2.428), be slain? As for Panthus, a priest of a god (2.430), why should not his reverence for his god and his priestly robes have protected him? Why should Paris, who had brought woe and destruction upon his native land, meet an honorable death and be buried among his fathers, whereas Mimas, a brave and upright soldier, who had fought to defend that same land and had striven to carry its civilization and ideals to others, die among strangers and be buried on a shore that knows him not (10.706)? Why should the brave lad Pallas, the only prop of his aged father, entrusted by him to the keeping of Aeneas, fall beneath the brutal blow of Turnus, and be borne back to his lonely father, a corpse, like 'a flower plucked by a maiden's thumb?' (11.68). Above all, why should Dido, as a result of her sympathy and generosity to a homeless stranger—qualities which were the product of her own sad life—be broken-hearted, be robbed of that good name which was, as she herself expresses it (4.322),

'her sole claim to immortality', and be left alone to die by her own hand? Why all this agonizing of mortals at which even the gods wonder?

Vergil was not the first, of course, to ask such questions, for all men who feel, to whom life is a tragedy, have always asked them. The three great Greek tragic poets, especially, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, by whose writings Vergil was deeply impressed, had asked them, and in their plays had defined their attitudes toward them. To Aeschylus, the law that the sinner should suffer and that sin begets its children, was an inexorable law of nature, however hard it might seem to be when it involved one whose act might be without evil intent. Yet such a one, Aeschylus seems to say, is only partly innocent, inasmuch as he has the taint of sin in his blood. Whether in such a case he can escape is an ethical problem, the solution of which Aeschylus finds only in the triumph of a personal theism. Back of all is the mighty Zeus whose will, although "hard to track, Yet doth . . . flame and glance, A beacon in the dark, 'mid clouds of chance That wrap mankind . . ."<sup>7</sup>. Again he says<sup>8</sup>, "'Tis Zeus alone who shows the perfect way Of knowledge: He hath ruled, Men shall learn wisdom by affliction schooled . . .". Sophocles, although he agrees with Aeschylus as to the value of suffering, and raises the old doctrine "from a prudential or a moral maxim into a religious mystery"<sup>9</sup>, differs from him in that he "clearly holds that the innocent do suffer and he seems to make a tacit confession that the ways of heaven cannot always be reconciled to man's idea of justice"<sup>10</sup>.

But amid all the confusion and "the turmoil of our Master, Time", Sophocles seems, as one critic<sup>11</sup> well says, "to invite us to lift our eyes from the suffering of the individual to a consideration of the ulterior purpose which Providence is thereby seeking to fulfil". There is little of this confidence in ultimate justice, little of this serenity in Euripides, the third poet of the group. He is the mouthpiece of a revolt against conservatism, the prophet of a new era, an era in which the old religious beliefs were outworn, but he has nothing very definite to take their place, at least no "permanent and assured conviction, capable of satisfying not only his moral and religious aspirations, but also the demands of his intellect"<sup>12</sup>.

This sentence, which I quote from a sympathetic critic of Euripides, expresses exactly, it seems to me, a very important problem of the present: How can we form ourselves, and help our children to form, assured convictions concerning the riddles of life which will satisfy both our moral and religious aspirations and also the demands of our intellect? The generation to which our parents belonged had had such convictions given to it by the religion of its fathers, convictions

<sup>7</sup>Supplies 91-95 (in Morshead's translation).

<sup>8</sup>Agamemnon 176-178 (in Morshead's translation).

<sup>9</sup>Compare S. H. Butcher, *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, 127 (London, Macmillan, 1916).

<sup>10</sup>Compare J. R. Wheeler, *Greek Literature*, 114 (Columbia University Press, 1912). For a review of this book see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 6.123-124.

<sup>11</sup>J. Adam, *The Religious Teachers of Greece*, 173 (Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark, 1909).

<sup>12</sup>Adam, 310.

<sup>6</sup>See the scholiast on Aristophanes, *Nubes* 830.

partly like those of Aeschylus, in that they rested on the belief in a personal theism, partly Christian, in that they introduced the element of a future recompense. Even though the individual knew not the reason for his suffering, he could and did believe that God had a reason, and, if the individual was just, he could look forward to release and reward in the next world, as, if he were unjust, he must look forward to further punishment. This was, at least, a philosophy of life. Whether it was a true or a false philosophy, it is not for me to discuss; but it was, in very truth, an anchor amid the storms of life. The boys and girls who come now to us as our pupils seldom have such an anchor. The conception of the physical and spiritual world has been completely changed during the last quarter of a century and the old and comfortable solution of life and its problems has changed with it. In its stead our pupils find everywhere common a solution which their immature study of science seems to suggest, according to which suffering is, as it was to Sophocles and Vergil, a condition implicit in nature, but, and herein lies the difference from the ideas of these two poets, that it has been brought upon us because the life or the environment of our forebears or of ourselves has been such as to interfere with the proper condition and adjustment of our bodily cells. Our duty is to see to it that we pass on to our descendants a better group of cells or else have no descendants. The individual may at least find comfort for his own suffering in the fact that it cannot last very long at most, for death will soon disrupt the body and there will be nothing of it to suffer.

Something like this, by reference to a painless state after death, was the solution of the problem of suffering which had been offered during Vergil's youth by the Epicurean poet Lucretius, whose lofty and sonorous verse, whose deep thought and imaginative power, whose love of Italy had exercised a great influence upon the young Vergil as he sang of "Happy Tityrus", and "of wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive, and horse and herd".

This may be the correct solution, and it is wrong to say, as many do, that it is immoral and degrading. For it may be made, and in fact it was made by Lucretius, the basis for as high a type of ethical thought and life as any other. It has not, however, satisfied the noblist spirits of the earth. Nor did it satisfy Vergil. But it is far more important to note that we cannot be sure that this solution is the correct one, and, until we are sure, we are in duty bound to consider other possibilities, especially such as have a higher and more spiritual appeal and will better satisfy our moral and religious aspirations. This Vergil's solution does. His answer is the story of his hero, Aeneas—a man of sorrow whose hopes lay buried in the dust of Troy where he was fain to have lain by the side of Hector and mighty Sarpedon, a man who was so weary of life's burdens and so heart-sick with the sorrows of his life that, as he stood watching the souls of those

about to be born again, all so eager to return to the upper world, he could cry (Aeneid 6.719-721), 'Ah, father, tell me not that souls must journey up again to the world of light, return again to cumbering bodies! Unhappy souls, in whom there is this strange desire for life!', a man, however, who had been ennobled by his suffering and bore his burden bravely with a smile upon his lips in spite of the deep woe in his heart, because he learned to believe that he was striving toward an ideal, aiding, albeit, falteringly, in the accomplishment of a divine purpose. To Vergil this purpose was Rome's beneficent work in the world. He unfolds that work for us in Aeneid 6 in the glorious vision of Rome's heroes, and again in the description of the scenes upon Aeneas's shield (Aeneid 8.612-728).

This is the *fatum Romanum*, the destiny, or, perhaps I should say, the ideal of Rome ordained of old by the purpose of God. To make this ideal possible was the duty divinely laid upon Aeneas. With this purpose human desires inevitably clash. In Vergil the reason for the clash lies in human error and sin, however excusable they may be. He has, therefore, added to his tragedy an ethical content, in that he identifies the *fatum* with all that is most sacred in the Roman ideal and the fulfillment of this ideal in past and present history. Both Aeneas and Dido in their love, natural though it was, inevitable though it was, proved false to their own high calling and violated the moral law. Dido's punishment was death, Aeneas's the heavier punishment of a blasted hope and a broken heart and a resumption of his cross to travel again his weary road alone. We protest against this tragedy of noble souls. Aeneas himself protests against it, calling his lot unfair (6.475). But Vergil replies to his protest and to ours by lifting, in Book 6, the veil from the future, thus showing him and us that the divine will was for the blessing of mankind—the crowning of peace with law, and justifying the ways of God to men.

Vergil would tell us, therefore, that the explanation of the waste of life, of the failure of our hopes, of our suffering and sorrow, lies in an unwavering belief in a divine purpose that is working for the good of the world, a purpose, which in the words of Heracleitus, 'is accomplishing all things with a view to the harmony of the whole'. Though the individual may not understand the why and the wherefore of his suffering, he should remember that by it he is taught sympathy and love for others, and is thereby enabled to do a nobler part in the furtherance of the divine purpose and to bring nearer the realization of the ideal. He may not gain happiness—Aeneas did not—but he will gain instead thereof, as Aeneas did, blessedness. And, when the end comes, he will bid farewell in the noble words of that hero to his beloved son (12.435), 'Learn, my son, true manhood from me and honest effort, good fortune from others': *disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem, fortunam ex aliis*.

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